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Waving Greenwood Tree

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Waving Greenwood TREE

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-
court, 7 Dials.

NOW by the waving greenwood
tree,

We merry, merry warriors roam;
Careless and jovial, ever free,

We hail our native home.

We roam beneath fair Cynthia's light,
Or biding in the shade,

Telling soft tales of true delight

To some lovely woodland maid.

Now by the waving, &c.

Now by the waving greenwood tree,
we merry, merry warriors roam,

Careless and jovial, ever free,

We hail our native home. (wine,

We quaff not, we quaff not the red, red

But our nut brown ale is good

For the song & the dance of the great

we ne'er pine (rude,

While the rough wind our choristers

Now by the waving, &c.

EVENING BELLS.

THose ev'ning bells, those ev'ning
bells,

How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, & that sweet time

When last I heard their soothing chime

Those joyous hours are past away,

And many a heart that then was gay,

Within the tomb now darkly dwells,

And hears no more those ev'ning bells.

And as 'twill be when I am gone,

That tuneful peal will still ring on,

Weile other bards shall walk these

dells, [bells,

and sing your praise sweet ev'ning



The Lass that Loves A SAILOR

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court.

THE moon on the ocean was
dimm'd by a ripple,

Affording a checquer'd light,

The gay jolly tar pass'd the word for
the tippie, [night.

And the toast, for 'twas Saturday

Some sweetheart or wife,

He lov'd as his life,

Each drank as he wish'd he could hail

But the standing toast, [her,

That pleas'd the most,

Was, the wind that blows, the ship that

And the lass that loves a sailor. [goes

Some drank the King, some his brave

and some the Constitution; (ships

Some, 'May the French and all such

Yield to English resolution.' (rips,

That fate might bless,

Some Poll or Bess,

and that they soon might hail her,

But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank the prince, and some our

This glorious land of freedom (land

Some that our tars may never want

Heroes brave to lead them.

That she who's in distress may find,

Such friends who ne'er will fail her,

but the standing, &c.